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To Wm Baldwin
with the Compt. of
Jas. M: Cawdell

P333.20

THE

WANDERING RHYMER,

A

FRAGMENT,

WITH OTHER

POETICAL TRIFLES.

The Profits arrising from the sale of this publication will be placed at the disposal of the Ladies of the Benevolent Institution, York, for Clothing the Children of distressed Emigrants.

YORK;

Printed at the U. C. Gazette Office.

1826.

[redacted]

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LADY PATRONESS;

AND THE

Ladies of the Benevolent Institution, York,

FOR CLOTHING THE CHILDREN

OF

DISTRESSED EMIGRANTS,

The following Pages are most Respectfully Inscribed.

Kind, to them, was the breeze that has wafted them here,
  Where Toronto's fair Daughters are dwelling,
Whose goodness will wipe away misery's tear,
    Whose hearts are with Charity swelling.
To the sick and distress'd like the seraphs above,
  Your attention and kindness bestowing,
Yes seraphs indeed, for blest Heaven is Love
    With the purest Religion you're glowing.

Oh! dismal indeed is the Emigrants lot,
  Far far from their Country to cheer 'em
In Britain dear Britain they've left their own Cot,
  Now poverty——sickness are near 'em.
But happy in meeting kind Ladies so fair,
  Their wants and their sorrows redressing;
For ye, yes sincerely will many a prayer,
  Ask daily from Heaven a blessing.

JAMES M. CAWDELL

York, 12*th Jan.* 1826.

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THE

WANDERING RHYMER.

PART OF CANTO I.

'Twas at that time when manhood's wish'd for day,
Freed the young Rhymer from controuling sway,
His youth as fervent as the solar fire,
To what high wishes did he not aspire?
Pleas'd with his fancied freedom from controul
What plans and projects fill'd his glowing soul?
Where now these plans by smiling fancy given?
Fled, oh fled like passing clouds of Heaven —
With two contending flames his bosom burns,
Which wage perpetual war and rule by turns;
Sometimes ambition of deportment proud,
With eyes uplifted from the vulgar crowd,
Points to her honors as they quick unroll—
And soon Enthusiasm pervades his soul;
Eager to add his now ignoble name,
'Mongst those already in the page of fame;
Dubious tradition too had lent its lore,
To fire his heart with brilliant tales of yore.
Then Love, delightful love his bosom warms,
With some enchanting damsel's blooming charms,
Domestic joys, and not ambitious guile,
Play round his heart and cheer him with a smile.
O Love, divinest gift to us below,
Thou soother of our cares and balm to woe,
Such was thy power that then he did declare,
That glory's splendours were but empty air,
Ambitious toys would sullenly remove,
And his whole soul be fill'd with powerful love.—
To her who o'er his fate then held the sway,
To her dear maid he tun'd his simple lay.

LOVE AND AMBITION,

A BALLAD.

When enrich'd with the spoil of the ages of old,
The pages historic with pleasure I turn,

Where the statesman's and warriors great actions are told,
  Oh then with ambition my bosom will burn ;
Oft with ardour I wish that may honours be mine
  And Rank, that to high soul'd ambition belongs,
May my name never tarnish'd in history shine,
  And live even live in the Bard's future songs.

Whilst thus for ambition I breathe forth my sighs,
  Gay fancy then rapidly changes the scene,
And points to dear Rasah with blue laughing eyes,
  The maid whom my heart owns with joy as its queen ;
Ah whilst on her beauties transported I gaze,
  And behold on her lips so bewitching a smile,
Such love o'er my senses triumphantly sways,
  And the throbs of ambition then pause for awhile.

Tho' the Law gave disgust with its dull tedious lore,
  And where Poesy led me delighted I stray'd ;
Yet the mazes of law I'd encounter once more,
  If rewarded by love and my beautiful maid.
Let the trinkets of grandeur to us be denied,
  Dear love sweetly smiling cares little for these,
Down the streamlet of life we would happily glide,
  And each day would be pass'd in the study to please.

No longer ambition would rob me of rest,
  But calmly I'd view all her late tempting charms,
Yes my soul would be grateful in being so blest,
  With the raptures of love in my Rasah's dear arms.
Yet if love should reject me and heed not my sighs,
  And the maid of my heart should not smile upon me ;
If a rival more favour'd should bear of the prize,
  Then would I, oh Glory, live only for thee.

Cold beam'd her eye no fav'ring glance was there,
And o'er his heart love shiver'd with despair,
'Twas then in quest of honors and of fame,
Like those of yore knight Errant he became ;
Fondly he hopes the glorious prize to gain,
His heart assures him and the Gipsey strain,

" Soon shalt thou cross the Ocean's wave,
" Misfortunes many thou must brave,
" And this will ever be thy fate,
" Never rich, but thou'lt be great ;
" Yes, when all misfortunes past,
" Honors will be thine at last."

* Thus sung a Gipsey, pretty black eyed maid,
As she with scrutinizing eye his hand survey'd
Then archly smiling and in sportive strain,
She thus resum'd her Gipsey lore again :—

" But am'rous youth I bid thee beware,
" For danger oft lurks in the smiles of the Fair,
" Beware of the sweetest enchantments of love,
" For these to your heart keenest sorrows will prove."

Himself enroll'd amidst the warrior band,
Some happy hours he pass'd in † Vectia's land,
There has sweet nature with the highest care,
Adorn'd the landscape and the blooming fair ;
Maids that in Greece's fam'd and proudest days,
Could fire the poets heart—inspire their lays ;
Tho' there 'tis true a thousand beauties smile,
Still there was one the pride of Vectia's Isle ;
And mem'ry dwells upon that day,
When in her pleasing badinage so gay,
She gave the Rhymer from her bosom fair
Vi'lets that breath'd in bliss their fragrance there,
" Here take these flowers," she said with sportive glee,
" And tune your harp then you my bard shall be."

Who'er has been in Vectia's Isle
Must sure have heav'd loves fervent sigh
Should he have seen th' enchanting smile:
The lovely form and beaming eye
Of fairest Emma.

Ye flow'rets of the budding spring,
Fav'rites with me you ever were,
But heartfelt pleasure now you bring,
Presented by a Maid so fair
As Charming Emma.

Sweet Flowers you once perfum'd the Gale,
But now 'bove other flow'rets blest,
What bliss to leave your native vale ;
To breathe in Heaven, the beauteous breast.
Of lovely lovely Emma.

---

* This is a fact, and took place at Blackheath near London sometime previous to the Rhymers entering the Army (the Gipsey's prophecy was of course in prose, but the purport is litterally hers.

† The Isle of Wight, a beautiful little Island on the coast of Hampshire and most truly called the Garden of England.

Sometimes indeed our humble Child of Song,
Stole from his joyous friends the Warrior throng,
And pace the mount on whose extended base,
The relics of departed grandeur may we trace,
Thy towers Carrisbrook whose former reign,
Proudly extended o'er this fair domain:
And from whose ruins, venerable side,
We view a Landscape dress'd in gayest pride.
Yet from the landscape the reflecting mind,
Will turn to walls which once a King confin'd;
Ill fated Charles! thy errors be forgot,
Amidst the misery of thy wayward lot.
Then would the Rhymer thro' each grove
Or valley green with pleasure rove;
Where gay Medina playful stray'd
Meandering thro' each fertile glade,
His heart then touch'd with natures' charms.
The glowing Landscape o'er him warms;
Honors then no longer please,
A cottage now,—poetic ease,
Along with some bewitching Fair
Are now the dreams that own his care;
And whilst where Ocean sweeps the bay,
He often takes his devious way:
His harp responsive to his thoughts,
Re-echoes thus in simple notes.

* Whilst Zephyrs only o'er the Ocean,
Gently they its billows move,
Serene around it then delights me;
O'er the pebbl'd beach to rove

Silent then is ev'ry sorrow,
Softly sooth'd is ev'ry care
And reflected on my bosom,
Are these placid scenes so fair

Oft I Poesy's charming pages
Fav'rite Bards with joy peruse,
I like then perhaps attempting,
(Vainly tho',) to court the muse.

Should the Ocean quickly changing
E'er assume a loftier sound,
Should the tempest swell its billows,
Soon with foam to whiten round.

* An imitation from the Greek—the 4th Idylm. of Moschus.

Quick to verdant meads I'd hie me,
Thither I my way would bend,
When you Oaks would me securely
From the tempest's rage defend.

Ever grateful are those arbours
That to pleasing sleep invite,
Ne'er a stream whose gentle murmerings
Ne'er alarm but give delight.

THE PILGRIM, A BALLAD.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Pilgrim—O cheer thee, cheer thee Lady fair
And trust me there's no danger,
For I'm a Pilgrim worn with care
A poor and lonely stranger.

Far far from friends and far from home,
Bereft of joy and pleasure,
Unceasing I must ever roam
My harp is all my treasure.

Yes, Lady yes for many a day
O'er Moors and heaths so dreary,
I've wander'd far a toilsome way
And now am faint and weary.

Lady—Pilgrim, a little onward go
To yonder Lordly dwelling
My Father will with pity glow
When you your woes are telling.

Then Pilgrim there mayst thou remain
E'er free from grief and danger,
And be amongst my fathers train
No more a lonely stranger.

Soon did the Rhymer eager brave,
Old Oceans frowns upon the Atlantic wave,
And ere the Moon had twice her courses told,
Cape Diamonds height they anxiously behold;

But onward still the Rhymer press'd his way
Nor halted yet for many a weary day—
Up up, St Lawrence proud majestic course,
The Batteaux plough the stream with struggling force;
At length he halts and hails his comrades near,
Where foaming Cataracts stun the wond'ring ear
Oh happy now with these his minutes glide
Sailing down smiling Fortunes gentle tide —
Sometimes thro' natures' scenes the rural strole
Or social converce round the circling bowl;
Sometimes to raise a laugh amongst his friends
His tribute for the festive board he pen'd.

A TRIP TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

On a fine Summers morning 'bout six o'clock nearly
Four Blades of a Regiment so fam'd set of cheerly
As far as Niagara's Cascades to stray,
And in seeing the sights there to spend the whole day.
The first was a Captain with chere Angelique
Who ne'er is the last for a frolic or freak;
The next a young Ensign a dapper gay blade,
Who sure is no block, tho' of *Wood* he is made;
The third Mr. S. to swearing no stranger,
And the fourth an eccentric pedestrian ranger.
From Roach's they hir'd what is call'd a coachee,
And away they set off full of spirits and glee;
Whilst the Hill beyond Queenstown the Carriage ascended
Ere they got to the top they'd nearly descended,
In the midst of a story which some one did tell,
Whack went the carriage and down they all fell;
Away flew their hats, some behind, some before
A scream from ma'amselle, from the others a roar,
And the Captain Oh fye for wishing such evil,
Sent Coachee and Coachman headlong to the devil.
'Twas an hour or near it when all things were ready,
The carriage got mended, every thing steady—
Now the road to beguile oft a brilliant remark
Or a witty bon mot was then told by each spark,
The wit to be sure had been current for ages
And still may be seen in fam'd Joe Millar's pages—
When hours three or four had now taken their flight
The falls of Niagara greeted their sight;
Our travellers were struck as they look'd on with wonder

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At these mighty Cascades which were roaring like thunder,
As decending the hill in the front was Mamselle,
Who tripping it down alas tripping she fell,
And our Heroes were nearly expiring with laughter,
When they saw the poor Ranger roll down quickly after—
After seeing the sights and receiving a washing
From the spray that around them was mightely splashing;
They consider'd that as they'd travell'd so far on
They further would go and see Chippaway's Baron—
The Baron it seem'd had gone out that day,
To visit the falls with some Ladies so gay—
Whilst some were asleep, others lounging the moments beguiling
In pop't the Baron gay smirking and smiling,
" Ah, howd 'ye do, howd 'ye do, how have you all been,
" And have you my Cow, Field and Gardens pray seen;
" O come come, along and I'll shew you them all,
" And where you not pleas'd with seeing the Falls."
" Oh as to the falls, we'll say nothing about them,
" Some were fine, but the rest, we'd been better without them."
Then after surveying the Baron's domain,
The Dinner's glad call brought them all back again—
After taking their dinner not omitting their wine,
The thoughts of our Heroes did homewards incline;
But whether 'twas study or sleep's potent power,
Some two or three words was then spoke in an hour;
O mute were those tongues which an hour or two hence,
Had pour'd forth the *briliance* of *wit* and of *sense*
But *wits* we suppose like the *Dogs* have their day,
So by night they return'd in jog trotish way.

TO MAJOR ———

O Major to you with profoundest submission,
An Ensign presents his respectful petition;
Who unless your' so kind as to list to his prayer,
Stands a Culprit convicted by Law Militaire
The States that to ——— he went t'other day,
And did most unlucky his leave overstay
And further he must with great sorrow declare,
He committed unsoldierlike conduct whilst there,
In allowing himself to be ta'en by surprise,
And get wounded and *kilt* by a pair of fine eyes.
In wars crimson field amidst bullets and blood
He trusts he'd behave as a warrior should;

But who can oppose female witchcraft and charms!
The bravest to them have surrender'd their arms.
So Major if you the word pardon will say
As in duty would then your petitioner pray.

Whilst joyous thus he pass'd ten moons or more,
Duty then call'd him to Toronto's shore;
And tho' the scene has changed and distant far,
His muse will ne'er forget Toronto's Star.

O deep was the gloom that our senses o'er shaded,
'Twas the darkness of night, not the brightness of day;
And the once brilliant tints of sweet gaiety faded,
For the Star of Toronto was far far away.

The gloom now retiring, the morning discloses,
And Ennui gives place to the smiles of delight,
Here pleasure here come deck'd with beauty's gay roses;
The Star of Toronto now beams on our sight.

PART OF CANTO II.

It is intended to finish these two Canto's, perhaps this Summer, if the muse will condescend.

Sound, sound my harp to deeds of Glory,
Warriors brave invite your strains
'Tis not now the praise of beauty?
Tis of War's embattled plains.

THE ROYAL STANDARD.

See Scotias' thistle arm'd with spears,
Form'd like her sons for hardy deeds;
And Erin's Shamrock too appears
In verdant dress like Erin's meads!
And see the sweetest flower that blows,
Dear Beauty's emblem, England's Rose.

Long on one stem, one crown to form
May these United long remain,
Then may we brave the battles storm,

The World in Arms oppose again,
Victorious whilst our banner shews,
The Thistle, Shamrock, to the blushing Rose.

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTS' HYMN.

Whilst now fierce War's red torrents flow,
And tinge with blood the fertile plains,
With joy Canadian hearts must glow,
That still undaunted are our swains.
Our Sires shall view with noble pride,
Their sons acquiring wreathes of Glory,
Heroes in Victory's arms who died
But who shall live, shall live in story;
Canadians e'er our Hymn shall be,
Our Country, King, and Liberty.

And long may each Canadian feel,
In Englands cause his heart beat high,
Eager for home, and for our Sovereign's weal,
In Glory's crimson field to die;
And sure some maid will shed the tear,
Some much love'd Fair with sorrow bending,
O'er her lamented warrior's bier,
Who died, himself and King defending;
Yes warriors yes our Hymn shall be,
Our Country, King, dear Love, and Liberty.

In April, 1813, Dr. Strachan Consecrated a pair of Colours which the young Ladies of York had worked for the York Militia; (now attached to the 1st East York), they were presented by Miss Powell in the name of the young Ladies, with an appropriate speech which did infinite honor to her talent and her feelings —On that occasion the following lines were written:—

Wave sacred Banners wave in air,
Wrought by Toronto's fascinating Fair,
Wave wave aloft you've Heaven's own care,
To lead Toronto's sons to glory;
Beneath your pennons and may I,
Soon soon my willing falchion try,
The battle win or bravely die.
and haply live in Story, —
Wave Banners wave and meet the foe,
Toronto's sons with ardour glow,

Wars horrors proudly braving.
* "Their deeds shall speak" to future days,
Inspire the poet patriot lays,
Fame shall their names to honor raise,
Who fought and bled their country saving.

Detached Pieces.

THE MANIAC.

See where forlorn yon maniac sits,
With downcast streaming eyes,
Mark ye, his grief worn cheek so pale;
Hear ye, his deep drawn sighs?

Poor wretch! 'bove all our village swains,
Once surely blest was thou,
But ev'ry swain alas! we see,
Than thee is happier now.—

Blest with a little spot of land,
Which from his father came:
Blest with a kind endearing wife,
And with a fathers name.

From morn to eve they cheerly toil'd,
Tho' rich they never were,
Yet never poor they were content
And liv'd a happy pair.

But lasting bliss was ne'er design'd
For mortals here below,
Kind Heaven ordains that this our life,
Should e'er be mix'd with woe.

When the glad season 'gain came round,
And bless'd the rural swains,
When laughing harvest joyful wav'd,
In plenty o'er the plains.

'Twas then it chanc'd one fatal morn,
That morn delightful smil'd,
When Henry and his Ellen took
With them their only child.

* The motto on the Banner was "Deeds Speak."

Their ripen'd corn invite their toil,
  And whilst their sickles ply'd,
Careless upon the ground they laid,
  Their darling and their pride.

Yet still did Henry feel a fear,
  A fear of secret woe,
And often to the sleeping child
  He urg'd his wife to go.

But Ellen smil'd at his vain fears,
  From apprehension free;
"No danger's near the sleeping child,
  "It safer could not be"

But soon the infants piercing shriek,
  Arrests their list'ning ears,
With trembling steps they ran,
  But oh! a dreadful sight appears.

Whilst the sweet Babe unconscious slept,
  A snake that place had found,
And quickly then about the child,
  Its deadly wreaths had wound.

Strangled the beauteous infant laid,
  They gaz'd but never spoke,
With horror struck, till Henry first
  The dreadful silence broke.

"This, this you've done," he wildly cried,
  And with convulsive start,
He frantic with his sickle struck,
  And struck her to the heart.

She fell—and soon the shades of death,
  O'erspread her once fair face,
Whilst wretched Henry kneeling down,
  Received her last embrace.

To him she feebly gave her hand,
  Which he in anguish press'd,
Mildly on him then beamed her eyes,
  Forgiveness they express'd.

Fain would she speak, but now to her
  No longer time was given,

Her eyes soon clos'd—her spirit fled,
And sought the realms of Heaven.

The hapless mother and her babe,
Now in one grave repose,
And with the melancholy tale,
Still sad remembrance glows.

E'er since that day o'er yon poor wretch,
No longer reason sways,
He thro' the village now alas!
A mournful maniac strays.

Oft by the silver moons' pale light,
I've seen him softly tread,
To where their grave is yonder seen,
And make that grave his bed.

The hint of the above was taken from an English newspaper in 1804, which stated that a man and his wife went out to work in the harvest field and took their child with them, which being asleep was laid on the ground; whilst the parents were at work a snake got to the child and strangled it.—In the first moments of his frenzy the man struck his wife with his sickle and killed her. He was afterwards commited for trial.

AN EVENING WALK.

When wand'ring one eve on Lake Eries wide strand,
As its bosom was ting'd with the sun's setting beams,
A neat little cottage appeared just at hand,
Whilst my bosom was happy in fancy's gay dreams.

How well it appear'd so clean and so white,
A garden in front neatly trellis'd around,
Ornamented with shrubs that were fair to the sight,
How pleas'd such a sweet little spot I had found.

And surely contentment might claim such a scene,
From the cares and the troubles of life a retreat—
I approach'd it, alas then, no charms there I ween,
The cot was a ruin—desolations dark seat.

"'Tis thus e'er thro' life" then I pettishly said,
"Our prospects seem beauteous when distantly view'd,
"When near us—whatever had charm'd us, has fled,
"And presents to our hopes diappointment so rude."

" But oft I've resolv'd that whate'er be my fate,
" The sweets of contment shall d ell in my breast;
" Well pleas'd if I rise and to rank with the great—
" If I fall 'twill ne'er rob me of rest."

For Fancy to thee my whole soul I resign,
Then with sorrow my bosom not long can be torn,
With thee splendid Honors and Rank can be mine.
Enjoying their roses without e'er a thorn.

AN IMITATION FROM THE GREEK

ON THE EVILS AND PLEASURES OF LIFE.

In ev'ry path of life we'll find,
The cares and sorrows of mankind;
Content and pleasure's, radiant beams,
Are ever vain deluding dreams.

Think not if thee ambition sways,
'Tis only honors gild its days,
'Tis full of torments cares and strife,
These are the gifts of public life.

All bliss and pleasures are denied,
If to our arms we take a Bride;
If we despise the power of love,
By far a happier state we prove.

And next from Children ever flow,
When we possess them, care and woe,
Parental joys and sweet delight,
Oft'ner shun than greet the sight.

Ne'er to be born, or soon to die,
Joys ~~rarely~~ are we can't deny, surely
Maxims of Vice are! hated sound;
In all the various stations found.

By reading as it stands the Evils of life are described, but by reading the first and third lines, and the second and fourth lines together in each stanza the pleasures will be seen. They are two distinct pieces in the Greek, one on the Evils the other on the Pleasures, and I believe, if my memory serves me, by two different authors (*Greek Epigrams, Nos* 22 *and* 23, *Eton Edition*)

THE BALL ROOM.

The sun had sunk beneath the wave,
  And Ev'ning now her shadows gave,
When forth the Rhymer bent his way
  To view once more Toronto gay.
To win sweet pleasure's Syren glance,
  And seek her in the sprightly dance;
The Ball room gain'd, with joy he stood,
  As gaily smiling Belles he view'd.
* "What a rich scene is here" he cried,
"What charming Maids, Toronto's pride."
And soon the Music sweet resounding,
  To its notes responsive sounding;
See the swains and lovely graces,
  Fly thro' the dance's thrilling mazes.
O pleasure if thou wouldst controul,
  With Sov'reign sway, his heart and soul,
'Tis when music's notes delighting,
  LOVE and DANCE their charms uniting,
Then the Stoic quits the field.
  Bending with joy to thee he'll yield.
Whilst round and round his eyes are straying,
  Each fair maid by turns surveying;
He thought a pleasing Landscape's grace,
  Amongst the lovely groupe he'd trace,
Of Stature tall and graceful air,
  Behold yon mild majestic Fair,
She may we term, a Lordly Tower;
  Two Myra's each a festive bower,
So gaily plac'd in pleasing grove,
  The dear abode of smiling love.
A shrine in that fair maid we see,
  When pilgrims come with bended knee,
And Hermits from each lonely cell,
  To think of Heaven with Rosabelle.
The rest we variously may call,
  Placid here and there a rural Hall,
Groves, fertile plains, and meadows green,
  In nature's gayest beauty seen.
And when o'er groves, and lordly towers,
  Meads, fertile plains, and festive bowers,
When o'er this landscape parting day,

* See Lady of the Lake—FitzJame's exclamation on viewing Lake Cathrene, gave the idea of forming the Ball room into a Landscape.

Tints all around with crimson ray,
'Tis then, that feeling hearts will glow,
And soul expanding raptures know;
This is the scene which we compare,
To one dear maid so young, so fair.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE BALL,

Given by the Officers of the East and West York Regiment of Militia, in honour of His Majesty—23rd April, 1824 —Lt Col. Macaulay, Major Radenhurst, Capt. Lyons, Lt. Gamble, [redacted] Jarvis, *Stewards.*

O yes, 'twas a gleam of the pleasures of yore,
That awaken'd my soul to its feeling,
'Twas the magic of beauty and music once more,
O'er my senses deliriously stealing.
Tho' gloomy my fortune of late,
Yet some little sun shine is in it,
And I feel very thankful to fate,
For bestowing this exquisite minute.

THE FETE.—3rd Feb. 1825.

Could I awake the Lyre of pleasure,
And tune to joy its sweetest songs,
Then would I sound each pleasing measure,
That to the festive dance belongs.
And will each muse desert me now?
With such a wreath for poesy nigh me,
Fain would I place it on my brow,
But vain my wish—the muses fly me.
Ill could my languid numbers trace,
The festive splendors joy inviting,
With highborn Rank adorn'd and Grace,
With ev'ry charm each heart delighting.
Come, (since my Harp rejects my lays)
"Expressive Silence muse Her praise."

THE WREATH.

MYRA, my fair and lovely Friend,
To thee, this beauteous Wreath I send;
Various the flow'rets you will see,
Blooming and fair sweet maid like thee.
Whilst o'er each flower, thy fingers stray,
Bethink thee Myra, what they say.
Can Flowers talk you'll quick reply?
Yes, my sweet girl, like you or I;
To those who lend a list'ning ear,
And all their lessons mildly hear:
Thus then to thee, my Myra gay,
That Wreath so beauteous seems to say:—
" To thee, how kind has nature been,
" Than thee a lovlier scarce was seen;
" And sure you'll say we're lovely too,
" Yes fair and beauteous e'en as you;
" Yet pause awhile O fairest Maid,
" Thy charms like ours ere long will fade:
" Think, think of that and whilst you've power,
" Improve in virtue every hour;
" For she who has no other boast,
" Than her fair face; when that is lost,
" Like us neglected, thrown aside,
" She then in solitude may hide,
" Her once fair form; too late she'll find,
" That far 'bove Beauty is the mind."
But cease, O moralist, no need
With such harsh sounds to tune thy reed;
The lovely Myra knows full well,
The moral truths that thou would'st tell:
To her sweet maid is kindly given,
The best and richest gifts of Heaven;
Yes, to the beauties of her face,
Her heart and mind add tenfold Grace.

TO MISS PORTER.

On reading her Novel of Thaddens of Warsaw.

To paint a youth, as virtuous as he's brave,
Glowing with zeal his native realms to save;
In War, the terror of th' invading foe,
And still unconquer'd in severest woe:

That his example British youths might fire,
And Patriot deeds their bosoms to inspire—
To paint those scenes which cause the heatfelt tear,
The tribute due from Sympathy sincere;
Such were the scenes inimitably pourtray'd,
By the rich fancy of a charming maid:
Such was Fair Porter's task—then Genius smil'd,
And proudly own'd her for her fav'rite child.

AN IMITATION FROM THE FRENCH.

To a Young Lady who had a Statue of Cupid in her Garden with only one wing.

Little Cupid blithesome boy,
Source of all our pain and joy,
Quitting Venus' arms one day,
Quick to earth he bent his way.
Some new mischief he design'd,
'Gainst the peace of all mankind,
Till with weary'd Wings he stray'd,
To the abode of one fair maid.
"Oh," said he with wanton smile,
(Whilst he tarry'd there awhile)
"Could I ever constant be,
"I would dwell sweet maid with thee."
The lovely Damsel drawing near,
Cupid's words assail'd her ear;
Stay, stay with me replied the Fair,
Thou shalt be my tend'rest care;
To make thee happy will I try,
And thy mother's place supply;
When so fair a maiden sues,
Where's the heart that can refuse.
And e'en o'er Cupid has she sway,
For quick he tore one wing away;
And this he cried, shall be my home,
I cannot now along way roam.

The following appeared in the U. C. Gazette, as a New Year's Address for 1824, perhaps these pages cannot be closed better than by inserting them. After they were written, Hope did smile, and haply her smiles may continue.

TO HOPE.

Where where was Prudence, cautious Power,
When first my vent'rous youth began,
She came not to the Muses Bower,
(Where pass'd I many a pleasant hour,)
To tell my life's short fleeting span;
Nor did she prophesy of woe,
To chill my heart's impetuous glow.

* " But thou, O Hope with eyes so fair,
" What was thy delightful measure?
" Still it whispered promiss'd pleasure,
" And ~~hack~~ bade the lovely scenes at distance, hail."

This was my fav'rite minstrel's song,
My morn like his was fair and bright,
Thou Hope, with Pleasure danc'd along,
And gave me visions of delight.
How wildly throbb'd each pulse at thy sweet smile,
Then linger yet with me, dear Hope, awhile.
Once soft and warm like summer zephyrs,
Gently the breeze of fortune blew,
But now repress'd are my endeavours,
Misfortunes clouds alone I view;
Then look sweet Hope, on me again,
O let they dreams my heart still cheer,
Drive, drive away desponding pain,
And let me see thee as of old appear,
With smiles to greet me in this new born year.

* Collins, Ode to the passions.

FINIS.

, hail."

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